
GROTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Newsletter

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Fall 2015

THE GOOD NEIGHBOR

By Joan Schwarz



Joan Schwarz (1932—2000)

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Clyde and I lived half a mile from each other on Powder Spring Road, but we hadn't met until the Christmas season of the year that I was in my new house. Clyde was on the list of elderly who live alone for whom the Church Women's Society prepared Christmas baskets. It seemed natural that I'd deliver his. I knew little about hem; that he'd worked in the woods most of his life; that drunken binges sometimes resulted in sojourns to the State Hospital; but he was home so far this winter.

I turned my car into a short drive, proceeded across the primitive wooden bridge and across a flat field whose level of snow permitted passage. I knocked at the door of the camp he'd built himself. He greeted me and invited me in. Sixteen by sixteen feet were the dimensions of the single room cabin, stove, sink, shelf, bureau, double bed, and T. V. – that was about it, quite orderly. I wasn't immediately aware of lacks, i.e. plumbing.

Clyde himself was average size – I got the impression he had been heavier – more muscular,

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because his green work shirt and pants fit loosely. He had a fringe of white hair and a warm grin. We easily fell into conversation.

“Shortest day of the year ...”

“This is the part of winter I mind most.”

“You’re related to ...”

I found him genial, even charming. When he voiced his concern that the town’s Laundromat was closing permanently and he didn’t know what he could do as he didn’t drive, I found it easy to say “Come up and use my washer and drier; I’ve got an artesian well.” So it was soon arranged that he’d come up on Saturday.

These things are never one way. Clyde helped me stack wood and taught me how to cob the ends. He was fascinated by my pretty Jotul stove until he determined it was time to clean the stove pipe and found it almost completely obstructed by creosote. “I never saw the beat of it!” he said again and again. Every time we faced that task he had to tease by repeating that phrase.

Clyde took it upon himself to shovel my path if it snowed while I was at work or dig my car out so I could get to work on time. I never had to ask; these things were offered. He became a casual visitor, sometimes sharing a meal with me, as well as funny or interesting stories. He was always a gentleman with me and I was never exposed to anger or vulgarity.

I learned town history, gossip and genealogy. If you stretched far enough there were family connections. He had some relatives, kin to my cousin’s husband. His memory was phenomenal. “The winter of ‘32 – ’33 was so dry there was dust on this road in March.” I thought to myself “In March of ’33 I was six months old.” He spoke of how country folk survived during the depression by bartering berries; milk, etc.; how the town had snow rollers that packed the snow before there were snow plows. I got to know some mutual neighbors he felt comfortable visiting.

As the seasons changed, Clyde took an interest in my garden and set traps for the woodchucks, tried to get me to plant potatoes in a previously untilled field. Before he mowed the hay in that piece with his scythe, he had put the snathe in the brook – (this I learned swelled the wood to hold the blade more firmly).

I don’t recall precisely the first time Clyde showed up drunk, there were many times. It was early – between five and six a.m. when he pounded on my door begging for something to drink; he’d finished his stock of wine, etc. and was sure he couldn’t make it until the store opened at 7:30. I talked him into letting me take him to our doctor or the hospital and went to shower and dress. This is when he may have helped

himself to my ancient bottle of Couintreau kept for holiday recipes. Years later I found it refilled with water. In the hospital he was dosed with Chloral Hydrate until he dried out.

When he came home our friendship continued as before. His birthday was near my father's so it was fun to think of a present that would suit him and not put him under obligation.

At Christmas Clyde hiked up the power line and brought me a Charlie Brown tree that looked fine when all dressed up with enough ornaments and tinsel hanging down to fill in the empty spaces.

Once when I hadn't seen him for awhile, I stopped by and got no answer at his door. Some movement caught my eye in a small building behind the camp. It was Clyde's head bobbing and he was clearly in trouble. I advanced to what I soon learned was the outhouse. You couldn't call it a one-holer or a two-holer; two slats had been nailed across to form a seat, and Clyde, drunken, had fallen through them. I don't know how long he'd been there but he had a slippery covering from head to toe.

"Wait, Clyde, I'll get towels." I knew my grip wouldn't hold with out them, and besides, I wasn't ready to touch the filth. Somehow, my presence must have enabled him to harness his energy. He'd climbed out unaided as I returned with the towels. I sat him on a bench outside the cabin "Wait," I implored, "DON'T GO IN! I'll get water from the brook." But when I climbed the path, the door was open and Clyde was sprawled across his bed, fouling everything he touched. Somehow I managed to clean him up though the odor was still there in the enclosed space of the car. Another trip to the doctor and the hospital. When I got home, I stormed into the grocery store and yelled at the proprietor "The next time you sell him booze; you are going to clean it up!" To be fair, Clyde himself told me he took bottles and left money on the shelf when the store keeper was distracted.

Now I can't remember if his binges came more frequently first or if I started withdrawing, recognizing, as the professionals say, that "rescuing" doesn't help the alcoholic deal with his problem.

One September day he was found dead on his steps. He'd used up all the goodwill of what family and friends remained, so no one was interested in burying him. Authorities let me have the oval framed baby picture of Clyde as I never knew him. Now I have donated it to the local Historical Society.

For a time, two friends had made life better for each other in this less than perfect world.

Joan Schwarz

November 1991

Excerpts from
THE CIVIL WAR
(As Recollected by an Ordinary Soldier)
By
Seth N. Eastman M.D. (1843-1913)

In observance of the sesquicentennial anniversary of the Civil War (1863-1865) a final excerpt from Dr. S. N. Eastman's story is reprinted here. The last 15 newsletters had excerpts from his enlistment at St. Johnsbury, to the battle of Gettysburg, being detailed as a nurse, and the Battle of the Wilderness.

I will now try to relate some of the incidents that impressed my memory on the second day of the battle of the Wilderness. After passing a few hours in a kind of nightmare of sleep, we were again placed in battle array about 3 o'clock in the morning, no breakfast, no coffee, nothing only the thought of an attack along the whole line. Orders came to "forward" about as soon as we had taken our places in the ranks. The line moved forward to the front at a quick pace. The Rebels did not expect an attack so early in the morning, and they did not seem to be prepared in their usual way for such an event. We had not gone ten rods before we came to their first picket line. They received us with a few straggling shots and retreated to their supports. They were no better prepared, as we got there about as soon as they did, and found many of them asleep. We did no firing, and advanced rapidly ahead, not stopping to mind the Rebels we had passed. They understood they were captured and made no resistance, so intent were we to press on and capture the whole Rebel Army that we did not stop and order them to surrender. We knew we had plenty of men supporting us to take care of all captured property of whatever kind: men, horses and cannons.

We thus encountered whole lines of Rebel infantry that made no resistance and passed to the rear as prisoners. We must have captured thousands in this early advance. We rapidly advanced meeting no resistance for as much as two miles. We could

see a clearing a little way to the front, when all of a sudden we met a volley of well-directed musketry about twenty or thirty rods ahead. This brought us to an abrupt halt and we began firing as rapidly as we could, but this fire in our front increased every moment, and our men began to fall. We took shelter behind trees and continued to fight. We were doing the best we could, but things looked desperate; Rob Taisey and I got behind a large tree, he firing from one side and I from the other. Captain B. D. Fabyan of our company lay on his belly behind the same tree, and every time we put the gun down to ram down a charge, he raised the hammer and put a cap on the rifle. These things went on for about an hour, the Rebs pressing as close as they could. The whole line was now fighting at close range, and we could hear the Rebel officers commanding their men to take good aim and fire low. Many of our men lay dead or wounded and our powder was getting scarce. We expected men to come and relieve us, but no men came. About this time Rob Taisey shouted to me and I looked toward the rear. There was a column of Rebels double-quicking to our rear. I did not wait for any orders, and started to run to get around the end of the line of Rebs, so not to be made a prisoner, and our whole line did the same. It was a run for life and I made it alright and got away safe, but many of our men were captured. I never ran so fast in my life. I had no fear of being captured after getting around the end of their line at the start of the retreat.

We had met the whole Rebel Army of Lee and Longstreet in person, and our career of the early morning was cut short and came to an abrupt close. I think we ran for at least two miles. I threw away my musket as I thought I should not need it anymore and could run faster without it. Most of the men did the same. The retreat ended at the Crossroads, just where the fight began the day before. I took out my watch and it was not yet seven o'clock in the morning, it was early to get such a thrashing. On this retreat, I was ordered many times by Rebels to "surrender and halt." I could not

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(Continued from page 5) **civil war**

see my way clear to do so, and had no fear of their shooting me, as I knew their guns were not loaded, and if they stopped to load them, I would be so far away to be out of danger. A man cannot load his gun when he is on the run. The guns were all muzzle loaders and a fellow had to stop to load and that saved me that day. However, I saw several of my comrades shot and some killed on this retreat.

At last we came to the Crossroads where the action began the day before. A stop to the retreat was made here and word was shouted to the men to rally at the Crossroads. General W. G. Hancock had now taken charge of the disorganized body of routed and fleeing men and he gave orders in person to "Fall in and fuse towards the front." This command I obeyed, as did all the other fleeing men, and I fell into the ranks with men I had never seen before, all strangers to me belonging to another Corps of the Army. My musket had been lost in the retreat so when I fell in line I picked up another, as the ground was literally strewn with muskets, the battle having raged over this ground a part of two days. Muskets and equipment were everywhere. The musket I got was an old Flintlock. The caliber was larger and my ammunition did not fit very well, but it went just the same. Soon the Rebels were at our heels and attacked us with great fury and determination. They came with leveled bayonets and sounding the Rebel yell, expecting us to run some more. We did not run and the battle was on again in dead earnest. It took only a few minute to convince them the retreat was over and they fell back out of range. There were no signs of another attack at present and the lull in the firing gave us a chance to get the broken companies and regiments together.

I heard the Vermont Brigade was to the left, so I went in that direction and in a short time, took my place in the 6th Army Regiment or what was left of it. We were all very hungry and had not eaten since morning the day before. Our company cook brought some coffee in kettles and boiled meat which we needed very much. I found a new Springfield musket, just what I was looking for. The men all cleaned their muskets and put them in as good working order

as possible and filled the cartridge boxes from the supply brought up by the trains. In about an hour, word was passed along the line, "The Rebs are coming!" We won a reputation here for steadiness and courage in battle. It was known and discussed by the whole Army around their campfires, how we had stood our ground at the Crossroads in the Wilderness for three days and had beaten back many attacks of the best men Lee and Longstreet could send against us. We got credit of preventing a great disaster and saving the Union Army.

The fighting continued and we were in a fight for 28 days in succession on some part of the line. (*Some of the other battles Doctor Eastman describes were: Spotsylvania Court House; Cold Harbor; and Bloody Angle.*)

It was about this time I was detailed to the Color Guard. It was a special detail and considered a great honor, but I did not care for the honor and tried to get out of it. However it was a special detail from Headquarters and I was unable to get released. The 6th Vermont Color Guard before this had all been killed or wounded. Four Corporals and two Sergeants were detailed for the Color Guard, and the very first day we marched, two of the Corporals deserted. Then only Robert McLam and I constituted the Color Guard of the 6th Vermont Regiment all that summer. I must say I never served in a better place in all my time in the service. I was not in any more danger in battle there, than in any other place, and I was in many battles as a Color Guard. I never had to go on the skirmish line; never had to stand picket guard anymore; and never had to use a shovel or pick to throw up entrenchments unless I wanted to. In fact when the Regiment went into action the Colors were very prominent, and I rather liked it and never asked to be relieved. I did this duty all the remainder of my term of service, and the old tattered flag I helped to defend on many a bloody field is now in the State House in Montpelier. Anybody can identify it as it is marked 6th Vermont Volunteer Infantry.

GROTON FALL FOLIAGE DAY CELEBRATIONS



Groton Fall Foliage Day Parade 1980



Groton Fall Foliage Day Auction 1970



Groton Fall Foliage Day Lumberjack Breakfast 2010



Groton Fall Foliage Day Parade 2008

FAMILY NAMES IN GROTON CENSUSES

The first time family names appeared in the first 10 census records are summarized below: (names—years listed alphabetically)
Can you find your family name or any of your ancestors listed?

ABBOTT	1790	CLOUGH	1860	FOSTER	1850
ADAMS	1860	COATES	1870	FOX	1880
ALEXANDER	1800	COFFRIN	1820	FRANKLIN	1840
ALSTON	1870	COLBY	1860	FRIZZELL	1870
ANDREWS	1880	COMSTOCK	1870	FROST	1800
ANNIS	1810	CORLISS	1870	FULLER	1810
BAILEY	1790	CORRUTH	1840	FURWELL	1840
BALDWIN	1850	CORY	1880	GARY	1800
BARNETT	1870	CRAIG	1850	GATES	1840
BASS	1880	CROMAN	1880	GIBSON	1880
BATCHELDER	1800	CROSS	1850	GILBERT	1850
BEAN	1850	CROWN	1860	GILCHRIST	1860
BELLAMY	1830	CULVER	1840	GILE	1820
BENNETT	1810	CUNNINGHAM	1820	GLOVER	1820
BIGELOW	1880	DANIELS	1870	GOODWIN	1820
BISSELL	1860	DARLING	1790	GRAHAM	1860
BLANCHARD	1880	DEAN	1880	GRANT	1840
BLISS	1870	DICKSON	1880	GRAY	1800
BONDEAU	1880	DIVOL	1840	GREEN	1830
BOUTWELL	1880	DODGE	1830	HADLEY	1840
BOWLEY	1880	DONALDSON	1870	HALL	1830
BRAGDEN	1810	DORR	1860	HANSON	1850
BRICKETT	1840	DOW	1840	HARRIS	1870
BROWN	1830	DOWNS	1820	HARVEY	1860
BUCHANAN	1840	DUNN	1840	HATCH	1800
BURNHAM	1830	DUSSOUTH	1880	HAYES	1860
BUTTERFIELD	1880	EASTMAN	1870	HEATH	1800
CARPENTER	1850	EGGLESTON	1860	HIDDEN	1810
CARRICK	1850	EMERSON	1810	HIGGINS	1820
CARTER	1810	EMERY	1800	HILL	1800
CASH	1850	FIFIELD	1880	HOAGE	1870
CASSADY	1880	FISK	1810	HODGMAN	1850
CHAMBERLIN	1860	FLANDERS	1860	HODSDON	1810
CHAPIN	1880	FLOYD	1810	HOGIN	1810
CHASE	1820	FOREST	1870	HOLMES	1880
CLARK	1830	FORTIER	1870	HOOD	1860

HOOPER	1800	McCRILLIS	1870	RICHARDSON	1820
HOPKINS	1870	McGEN	1850	RICKER	1820
HORTIAIR	1870	McKAY	1860	RION	1880
HOSMER	1790	McLANE	1880	ROBERTS	1810
HOYT	1860	McLAUGHLIN	1810	RODGER	1830
HUBBARD	1850	McLEAN	1880	ROWLINS	1810
HUGGINS	1820	McMAN	1880	SANDERSON	1870
JACKSON	1860	McPHEARSON	1880	SARGENT	1820
JAMES	1790	MEADER	1880	SCOTT	1840
JENKINS	1810	MELVIN	1860	SEAVER	1850
JOHNSTON	1850	MILLER	1850	SHERBURN	1880
JONES	1840	MILLIS	1870	SILVER	1830
JOY	1840	MINARD	1860	SMITH	1870
JUDKINS	1870	MOORS	1870	STANLEY	1810
JULIAN	1880	MORRILL	1870	STEBBINS	1860
KEENAN	1870	MORRISON	1800	STEVENS	1880
KELLOGG	1870	MORSE	1790	STEWART	1850
KENNING	1880	MOULTON	1840	STOWELL	1870
KENSINGTON	1880	MUNRO	1800	STOWELL	1880
KIDDER	1860	NELSON	1810	TAISEY	1800
KIMBALL	1830	NOURSE	1880	THERMAN	1880
KITTREDGE	1870	NOYES	1800	THORNTON	1870
KNIGHT	1800	OLNEY	1880	THURSTON	1800
LAMPHERE	1860	ORR	1840	TOWNSHEND	1790
LARROW	1880	PADFIELD	1880	VANCE	1810
LATHRUP	1830	PAGE	1810	VENNOR	1830
LEITHEAD	1850	PANE	1850	VOULETT	1880
LEWIS	1830	PARKER	1810	WALLACE	1870
LITTLEFIELD	1810	PARKER	1860	WARDEN	1870
LOVELL	1880	PATTERSON	1840	WATERMAN	1860
LOW	1810	PAUL	1810	WEBSTER	1870
LUMSDEN	1870	PECK	1840	WELCH	1800
LUND	1800	PHELPS	1800	WELD	1840
LYLE	1820	PHILBRICK	1840	WELTON	1820
MACOMBER	1800	PIERCE	1860	WESTON	1810
MADGE	1860	PIFA	1880	WHEELER	1840
MALLORY	1810	PISMUCK	1880	WHITCHER	1810
MANCHESTER	1800	PLUMMER	1820	WHITEHILL	1840
MAPLE	1880	POLLARD	1800	WILLARD	1880
MARSH	1860	PORTER	1870	WILLEY	1880
MARSHALL	1820	PRIOR	1860	WILMOT	1820
MARTIN	1800	RANDALL	1830	WILSON	1820
MARTING	1850	REMICK	1800	WOOD	1840
MASON	1870	RENFREW	1810	WORMWOOD	1820
McCLARY	1820	RHODES	1810	WRINKLE	1870

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New Groton Family Names in 1887

The Groton census of 1890 was destroyed by a fire in Washington D.C. so the Groton family names listed in Child's 1887 Gazetteer of Caledonia and Essex Counties is the source for new family names between 1880—1887

Bancroft, Henry R. (1855-1889) m. 1883 Lilla Clark (1863-) Station Agent for Montpelier and Wells River Railroad.

Bingham, Hazen (1820-1896) m. Jeanette Bailey (1845-1894) daughter Jessie Bingham (1872-1887).

Burton, James (1840-) m. 1869 Mary Dennis (1851-1915) daughters Viola and Mary (1874-1916).

Caldwell, John farmer m. 1861 Sarah A. Davis (1842-1863)

Cole, A. laborer

Daily, Albert L. farmer

Davis, Henry E. sawyer

Dennis, Hiram (1849-1921) m. 1872 Mary Lampro (1854-1940) children: Mary (1873-1884), Hattie (1876-1888), Elizabeth (1879-1954), Georgiana (1881-1933), Amasa (1884-1941) and Isaac "Newton" (1889-1977).

Donahue, Jeremiah farm laborer

Evans, Charles B. (1860-1935) m. Myrtle Barker, children: Harley (1901-1980), Helen (1904-1955), John (1907-1986) and his brother **John H.** (1857-)

Farnsworth, Charles H. pastor ME Church

Gay, William employee of Baldwin & Hazen

Gilman, Heman L. (1847-1922) m. 1881 Abbie Richardson (1856-1938), son Harold (1888-1918)

Greenleaf, John laborer

Howard, James A. (1861-1896) laborer

Hutton, Henry (1837-1897) 2m Elsie Welch (1852-1908) son Jeremiah (1882-1947)

King, Samuel log turner for A. H. Ricker

Knox, George H. (1862-1926) m. 1882 Minnie Hood (1862-1943), children Fred (1883-1943), Nellie (1886-1936), Pearl (1891-1913), Laura (1897-1898).

Laflame, Louis employee of Baldwin & Hazen.

Lowell, Ebenezer A. farmer

McCrea, Neil (1859-1902) m 1882 Ida Welch (1864-1935),

son Martin (1886-1945).

Melville, George (-1892) m 1883 Mary Ricker (1830-1908).

Merritt, Caleb chief cook for Baldwin & Hazen

Parks, Robert employee of A. S. Clark

Pillsbury, George H. (1859-1919) m 1883 Ella Chalmers (1864-1943), sons Charles (1883-1953), Wilson (1885-1946), Ralph (1887-1954), George (1889-1945).

Proaber, Sevar employee of Baldwin & Hazen

Powers,, Nathan P.

Provost, John Baptist woodchopper

Rand, George P. sawyer for I. M. Ricker

Remington, Oliver H. (1845-1912), m 1870 Myra Baldwin (1849-1902), daughters Nellie J. (1871-1934) and Mary (1873-1948)

Rindeau, George and Lyman laborer and tanner.

Rugg, Elbridge B. laborer

Sanborn, Currier (-1898) m. 1883 Sally Meader (1813-1892) widow of Peter Paul and George Mason.

Sloyd, Cornelius farm laborer

Tabor, Hiram farmer

Worcester, Fred section hand Montpelier and Wells River Railroad.

Worthington, Martha J. widow of Rev. Watson A. Worthington.

In the first one hundred years of the census records 280 family names were listed in Groton. Although everyone with the same family name has not been connected in Groton Historical Society family records, more are being connected as family information is submitted or otherwise becomes available to the Society. Plans are to list the new family names that appeared in the 1900 to 1940 census records in the next five newsletters. The 1950 census records are scheduled to be released in 2020, as they are required by law to be confidential for 70 years. If you have family information that is not in GHS family records, you can submit them to jwbenzie@mchsi.com or mail to Groton Historical Society, P.O. Box 89, Groton, VT 05046 or email grotonvthistory@gmail.com

GROTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWS

Visit GHS Web page at Historical Society on <http://www.grotonvt.com/>

Annual membership dues are payable for the calendar year
Annual dues are \$10 for individuals and \$15 for families
Lifetime Membership dues are \$100

Your membership status is shown with your mailing address (either **Life** member or the **year** your dues were last paid) please let GHS know if there is an error in our records of your status. Those getting only e-mail copies of the newsletter will be notified when their membership renewal is due.

All members who provide an email address will be sent a copy of the newsletter. If you want to receive only e-mail copies, please send a request to jwbenzie@mchsi.com This will save GHS the cost of printing and mailing.

The Historical Society meetings in July, August and September reviewed the progress on securing the Peter Paul House, updating the insurance plans; re-publishing *Mr. Glover's Groton*, and selling copies on the internet through Amazon. Several members and volunteers are editing the chapters to conform with the printed book.. A search is underway to find the original pictures that were in the book. Motions were passed supporting the Town Selectmen in naming a mountain in West Groton *Goodwin Mountain*; as the Goodwin family was one of the first to live in the area.. The Society voted to include the 2016 Groton Alumni All-Class Reunion information and registration forms in the Newsletter sending copies to the entire mailing list, and possibly recruiting some new members. A proposal to ask the town to elect a History Committee and accept ownership of the Peter Paul House was presented for further discussion. A motion was also passed to change the meeting date to the first Tuesday of the month, the next two meetings will be September first and October sixth. You can follow GHS on [Facebook.com/grotonvthistory](https://www.facebook.com/grotonvthistory) and you can send us email at grotonvthistory@gmail.com

Save the date: **June 24, 2016** for the next All-Classes Reunion of the Groton School Alumni. The committee is hard at work and plans are being finalized to meet at noon in the Groton Community Building for a luncheon and visiting with classmates and schoolmates. Additional details will be in future newsletters and sent to all Groton alumni addresses in the committee's record.

Also save the date for the League of Local Historical Societies & Museums (LLHSM) 62nd Annual Meeting, to be held October 30, 2015 in Burlington.

The Value of Family Heirlooms in a Digital Age

By Jan Doerr 8/14/2015

A paper box and cardboard barrel hold my families heirlooms. The box contains a little boy's blue wool suit and red hat embroidered "04" worn by my paternal grandfather when he was 2-years-old (in 1885, if you're counting). The barrel protected my maternal grandmother's white wool wedding gown from everything but a few moths,. The wallet belonging to my great-great-grandfather Samuel is another matter. It contains receipts for his marble gravestone, and a note from my great grandmother Nellie giving the wallet to her son, my grandfather Rex.

My Yankee family lived by the saying, "use it up, wear it out, make it do, or do without" — especially, it would seem, when applied to the gold coins I've never found.

What I have found is the expensive difficulty of preserving, storing, conserving and generally taking care of photos, textiles, china, tools and all those articles of daily life that we take for granted until we have to store them. How long can we expect mementos to remain valued by a younger generation many times removed from the original owner?

Now I have to consider the fate of these heirlooms as I try to decide which of my own belongings are heirloom-worthy for the next generation, adding to the already mass of memorabilia. It's tempting to procrastinate and leave it all for my children to deal with, as it was left for me. I do know some of the intimacies of these heirlooms, so perhaps it's okay that I be the one to donate, delegate, dispose of and digitize the artifacts and stories that make up my family's long history.

Groton Historical Society Newsletter
Editor jwbenzie@mchsi.com
P. O. Box 89
Groton, VT 05046-0089

